

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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THANKSGIVING AND SYMPATHIES

TONOPAH has every reason for giving thanks tomorrow. The day should be one of rejoicing as well as recognition of favors. The camp is on the verge of the period of greatest prosperity in its existence. There are few, almost no idle men here. The families of nearly all are provided with the necessities and comforts of life. Silver is on the up grade and those who hold stocks are reaping profits.

In the outlying districts excellent conditions prevail, with prospect of rapid and steady improvement. God has been good to the people of southern Nevada this year and they should be grateful. The base metal market never was stronger and this is the place to dig out the base as well as the noble metals. The ranges of Nye are covered with vegetation and the sheep and cattle are fat and redundant with health. They promise to give a heavy yield of their young and look with blank despair at the quotations of their carcasses at the impending block.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. It will be a gala occasion for the feasters, but not for those who are feasted upon. That, however, is the law and the custom and the lordly turk and dignified drake must make way for and provide entertainment for the people of Tonopah who, upon this occasion, feel, if they do not audibly express, their thanks for all that they have received and all that will be their portion in the future.

When one harks back to the seventeenth century and peers through the lattice at the Puritan and his family saying grace and enjoying the meager bounty of those days, with rifle at side for prowling savage and with no scrip in purse and no future that can be depended upon, he feels like lifting his hat to the men and women and children who established the Thanksgiving custom and congratulating himself that the world has moved and that the United States has advanced to the fore of all nations. He should give thanks that peace prevails and will prevail in this, our own, our native or adopted land, that there are neither wars nor rumors of wars within our borders, that we are absorbing all the gold of the world and are sending out our silver in return, accepting in exchange the credits of Europe.

This is a wonderful Thanksgiving, the most wonderful that the United States has ever experienced, for it is the year that brings to this country the supremacy of the world. We should give thanks and reverently, but with it all there should be a touch of sadness, a pang of regret that so much of it has been accomplished through the sorrow of others and that peoples mourn while we rejoice, that the pillar of smoke by day and the gleaming lights by night from our factories are purchased by the tears of widowhood and the laments of orphanage abroad. In the midst of our Thanksgiving let there be a brief period of thought for those who mourn and cannot be comforted, who are desolate and bare, who look upon their desolated plains and leveled cities and cry out: "How long, O God, how long?"

SLAP HIM ON THE WRIST

MERCIFUL heavens! Did you read, or attempt to read, that recent "poem" by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Pringles of the Fleet"? If it had been composed by Harry Thaw while at Matteawan he never would have broken out.

As one scans down the lines his brain wreathes and writhes and he unconsciously draws back his right foot and kicks the poor dog that was so innocent of wrong. He reads further and throws the lamp at his wife. If he finishes the nightmare, he has only one other recourse, and that is to go out and get drunk.

A news despatch from Helena, Montana, quoted Secretary McAdoo as saying, "we have not had any real prosperity in the United States for ten years." This is evidently an error in transmission. Assuming the Secretary to have been trying to tell the truth, he must have said "two years" instead of "ten years," as is reported.

After discussing the partial restoration of prosperity, a Democratic paper says: "Time heals all wounds." Perhaps, but there is an old saying that "a burned child avoids the fire." The wounds suffered by American industry will undoubtedly be healed by time, though many a scar will remain. But the injured will not forget.

In looking over the returns of November 2nd it will be observed that wherever the fight was on national issues the Republican party won out. The "Win With Wilson" button will now be tried out as a suspender attachment, where it will also fail to make good.

Governor Fielder, the Democratic executive of New Jersey, has no illusions. The election this year means, he says, that "New Jersey is still a Republican State."

CLIPPED AND CREDITED

Germany is now talking of meat, lard and butter tickets. The next thing it will be beer checks.—Buffalo Commercial.

A cargo of Oregon apples is on its way to the men in the British trenches. The enemy will not even get the cores.—Minneapolis Journal.

"God bless you" is a fine bit of sentiment when not accompanied by the mental reservation—"until I catch you in a dark alley."—Toledo Blade.

"The New Orleans States tells of a Louisiana bride who played her own wedding march in her elopement. Mouth harp artist we suppose.—Richmond News Leader.

The champion cow for milk production is owned by the University of Missouri. Farmers who wish to increase their profits should send their cows to universities.—Albany Argus.

The Hon. Bill Bryan says he served the president best by getting out of the cabinet, and for the first time in his life he finds the whole country in agreement with him.—New Orleans States.

Wonder whether that compositor thought he was improving a famous saying when he made it read, "If anyone attempts to pull down the American flag shoot him on the spot?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Little Rock man wants to be cut out of a movie film because he "ran like a turkey." We have yet to see the man who could run as gracefully as a bird. What ails that chap?—Waco Times-Herald.

The plan of putting 400,000 young men in the United States army may be all right, but which 400,000?—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

It is estimated that it costs \$20,000 to give a man a military education. We know old maids who think that a man at that price is dirt cheap.—Los Angeles Times.

Dr. Dernburg says the American note to Britain prepares the way to freedom of the seas. Now if Dr. Dumba joins in, we'll call it unanimous.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Great little sport, shooting shells around panic-stricken women and children getting into lifeboats. More fun than bombarding inanimate cathedrals.—Chicago Post.

Italy declares that she will send troops to Serbia in ratio to her greatness. This should increase the Allied force by a couple of more recruits.—Boston Transcript.

A Connecticut widow eloped with her daughter's sweetheart. A suggestion to other widows with attractive daughters—use the girls to bring in the victims.—Tampa Tribune.

Germany is now desperately seeking substitutes for lard, butter, honey, wheat and oats. She should consult immediately some of our leading American manufacturers.—Boston Transcript.

An aviator at Toronto recently "loop-the-loop" twenty-one times at a height of 3,000 feet. Flying is so common nowadays that an aviator must do some daring stunts to get any notice.—Atlanta Constitution.

A scientist says the only place for whiskey is in the family medicine chest, but mother contends that if it is kept there as a medicine father will be sick every day in the week.—New Orleans States.

Billy Sunday is going to Trenton for a "seven-weeks" campaign, starting next month. Thought that a number of recent events in the Roebeling plant there had made Trenton just a little tired of explosions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Among things "most needed" the Indianapolis News includes a "furnace fire that will not make ashes." Our idea of something better than that would be one that didn't need any coal.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She bought him a cane and the President is carrying one for the first time in his life. We shall all watch with interest what kind of judgment she displays in the selection of neckties.—Indianapolis Star.

B-R-R-H! It's Getting Chilly!

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